A HOME MISSIONARY.

How Polly's Hopes of Doing Great Things Were Realized.

Polly longed to be helpful. She had dreamed ever since she was a little tot in pinafores of being a missionary on "the burning plains of India," like Harriet Newell; of going to nurse wounded soldiers fighting in a grand cause, like Florence Nightingale; of leading a great crusade against wrong, like Frances Willard. But there seemed little probability that these dreams would be realized.

At the age of sixteen she was just plain Polly Hopkins, with a snub nose and freckles. Not that she was an ugly girl; by no means. She was as fresh and wholesome as a peach that has ripened in a sunny garden. Her figure was good, her teeth were white and even, and her hair, though it was undeniably red, was rich and abundant. But Polly was dissatisfied with the likeness reflected by her little looking-glass. She adored great black flashing eyes, and raven locks, and pallor, and classical features. Nobody would ever take her for a heroine, she was sure. She was, in her own estimation, much better fitted to be a milkmaid.

But Polly suddenly began to look less in the glass and more at her duty as daughter and sister. She had been to the village circulating-library, one day, and was returning through the one long street of Bakerville, on her way to the little red cottage where "the Hopkinses" lived. She had "The Wide, Wide World" in her hand, and was reading its first pages with the same interest that girls used to feel forty years ago in the fascinating story. Suddenly she heard her patronymic pronounced by an unfamiliar voice.

"Hopkins?" said another voice.

"Yes," was the reply, "George Hopkins. He's a limb, an' no mistake. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he was concerned in that post office business."

There was a chestnut tree on the other side of the wall that skirted the street, and somebody was looking for nuts, unaware that the conversation was being overheard.

Polly's heart seemed to stop beating for an instant, then to go plunging on as if it would suffocate her. That post-office business! Well she knew to what the gossip referred. The post office had been robbed not long before of an insignificant sum—five or ten dollars—and it was currently reported that certain boys were implicated in the affair.

There were boys in Bakerville, as in all villages, who had the reputation of being scamps and scalawags—boys who robbed watermelon patches, milked cows on the sly, stoned the windows of vacant houses, and frightened lone women out of their seven senses. Polly had never dreamed that George was one of these; she did not now believe it; yet where there is much smoke there must be some fire. George must have been associating with companions that he would be ashamed of if he were found with them. He must have secrets from his sister and mother. How far he had gone in forbidden paths Polly had no means of guessing. She could not confide her trouble to her mother, for she, poor lady! was an invalid from heart trouble, and had to be guarded from all excitement.

All that I have written flashed through the girl's mind in the moment after hearing her brother's name pronounced by the unknown nutters. She hurried home, her book forgotten, her mind full of a new and terrible fear.

Polly had a stanch and wise friend, one of her teachers in the high school, Miss Weymouth. To her she went with her trouble, the next day. School was over, and Miss Weymouth proposed a walk.

"We can talk as we go along," she said. "The fresh air will help us to a wise conclusion. One is always a little more sane under the open sky, I think."

It was a crisp November day, with nothing dreary in its aspect. The grass was still lush and green, here and there a belated buttercup showed a golden disk, blue asters still clustered by the old lichened walls, the chickadees were calling cheerily in the grove that the friends approached, and a partridge whirred suddenly as they passed in among the oaks and evergreens.

"I am glad you have waked up," said the teacher, suddenly.

"'Waked up!'" echoed Polly.

"Yes, from your dreams of far-away exploits, of missionarying, and preaching, and nursing imaginary heroes."

"Don't you believe it is a noble thing to be a missionary?"

"Oh! yes, by all means; but not necessarily a foreign missionary. The home field has its claims, too; pressing claims, in many instances."

"You mean there is work for me to do at home," said Polly. Then she told Miss Weymouth all she had heard.

"George needs a sister," said the lady, looking intently into Polly's anxious face.

"Tell me, Miss Weymouth, what I can do?"

"Fascinate him. Make home so bright, so beautiful, that it will eclipse every other place. Has he any special tastes?"

"He likes chess, but it's the pokiest game, I think—I never have patience to play it; and he used to be always fussing with his flute till I made so much fun of it that he gave it up. He likes animals, too; he would bring home every miserable cur that happens to follow him, if I would let him. He seems to have a taste for misery in general. You should see the gamins he used to pick up and make friends of! Oh! I fear his tastes are not very high."

"Well, you must try to get hold of him through his tastes, and then refine them if they need refining. So far, you have not told me anything very terrible. I should think him a kind-hearted boy who is so lonesome and strange at home that he has gone outside for companionship."

When Polly reached home, she found George in possession of the sitting-room, surrounded by a group of boys whom she could not altogether approve, the whole party smoking cigarettes. She was greatly annoyed, but she wisely hid her feelings and began at once playing the part of the smiling, courteous hostess. Ignoring the uncombed heads, the unbrushed shoes, the soiled linen, and not overclean hands and faces, she got out the photographs that her Uncle George had sent her from Germany and Italy, and before she knew it had entered upon a very interesting lecture about cathedrals, bridges, towers, ruins, etc. Then came her album of famous men and women, and the boys listened and looked till dull eyes brightened, and heavy brows took on a new look of gentleness and intelligence. The cigarettes disappeared one by one, hats and caps were doffed, and many a shame-faced glance was cast on hands and feet unfit for the surroundings and for the young lady's company.

When the entertainment was over the boys showed very plainly, though somewhat uncouthly, their pleasure and gratitude. Then a bright idea flashed through Polly's brain.

"How would you like to form yourselves into a club and meet here once a week, for the present, at least?"

"That would be jolly!" was the sense of the meeting.

Jim Allbright remarked, his face getting red as he spoke, that "it would be a good deal of trouble for Miss Polly."

"But I wish you to pay me," she replied.

Polly ran up to her room and brought down her little writing-desk. She sat down and wrote out rapidly an anti-cigarette pledge; then she called the boys around her.

"I wish you to pay me by signing this pledge," she said. "George will sign first;" and she rose, giving her seat to her brother.

As George had not formed the smoking habit, and was already ashamed that his sister had seen him with a cigarette in his mouth, he readily wrote his name. His example as leader was powerful with the others, and of the four, all signed except Al Carter, who didn't feel sure that he wished "to be led by the nose by a girl."

When Polly found herself alone she sat down to reflect.

"I must have help," she thought. "I wonder if Clara and Maud wouldn't like to come over and assist me in receiving when the club meets? And we might have chocolate and some simple cakes; and there ought to be books for the boys to take home. I will go out collecting this very afternoon. I know of a dozen families who have plenty of books that would help these boys, lying in the corners of their bookcases and of no use to anybody."

Polly dressed himself in her new blue gown and jacket, put a jaunty little hat atop of the bronze braids without looking too long in the mirror, and started out to find her girl friends. She had not walked far before she met them face to face.

"Good!" called out Clara. "We were just on our way to your house. We are going over to Johnstown to-morrow, on the nine o'clock train, and we want you to go with us. We will have luncheon together, and no end of fun in the afternoon, and get home by supper time. You know Tom House is clerk in Mann & Malley's. We'll call on him, and he will treat us to lobster salad and things if he can get off—and he generally can."

The blood rushed to Polly's cheeks. Clara meant innocently enough, and Polly herself would not, perhaps, a week ago, have hesitated overmuch at the proposal; but her anxiety for George and her plans for him and his friends had already worked a change. She knew instantly that a higher self had awakened in her, antagonistic to such an outing as that planned for the morrow; but she uttered no criticism, only told the girls, as they walked along, of the new club, and of her need of their help.

"I think," she said, "that if you will come, prettily dressed, and chat with the boys, and one of you pour the chocolate, it will be just splendid!" Then she went on to tell about the books that she hoped to get, and ended by saying:

"How jolly it would be if we could subscribe for two or three papers and magazines just for the club!"

"Why," said Maud, "our trip to-morrow, if we take it, will cost us a dollar and a half apiece; that would make, including Polly, four dollars and fifty cents! Clara, let's give it up and subscribe a dollar and a half apiece to the literature fund." So it was decided; and all three went rummaging through the book collections at Clara's and Maud's for spare volumes that could be devoted to the service of the boys.

That first club meeting was an eventful occasion. No unblacked shoes nor uncombed hair, no soiled hands nor uncared for nails, appeared. There were some honest blushes—always a good sign—when the "members" were presented to the young ladies who had come to help entertain them, and more than one resolution made to work hard and save money for new shoes or hats or coats, or whatever was most needed to make the young fellows presentable on terms of self-respect.

Miss Weymouth, who had come to spend the evening with Mrs. Hopkins, peeped in when the affair was in full swing.

"I shall never forget that picture," she said; "those bright, winning girls giving all their attention, exerting all their charm, to help and strengthen boys who had already begun to drift slowly downward."

"How things grow!" said Polly, rather obscurely, as the last boy departed, book in hand. "One would think our club had been organized for months."

"It was just immense!" said George. "A thousand times better than stoning windows on the sly or supping off stolen chickens," he added. But the last remark was made sotto voce.—Mary F. Butts, in Demorest's Magazine.

A CRIMINAL CONQUEROR.

Newlight on Pizarro, Peru's Famous Invader.

News of a startling character lately reached the bureau of ethnology respecting the recent disentombment of the mummy of the conqueror Pizarro in Peru. The corpse exhibits certain abnormalities which are extremely interesting from the point of view of anthropologists. The skull reveals all the marks of the criminal type as recognized by science to-day. As shown by it, the military hero so worshipped and revered even now in South America was a murderous and bloodthirsty brute. The cranium has even the so-called "fossa of Lombroso," which modern criminologists have never discovered except in confirmed and habitual enemies of society.

These facts, extraordinary as they may seem at first, will afford no surprise to persons familiar with the bloody career of the indomitable invader and explorer. The conquest of Peru was most bloody, and some of the leading acts in the shifting scenes are seen through the mist of years as base treachery and horrible atrocity. He was the founder of Lima, the City of the Kings. A stripling in sunny Seville when Columbus returned from the most momentous voyage the world has ever known, his life was molded by the inspiration of conquest. He rose above all obstacles by individual prowess.

Pizarro accompanied Balboa to Darien, and thus contributed to the discovery of the Pacific. In 1522 his dream of conquest in the half-fabulous El Dorado among the Andes took shape; but it was not until 1527 that he saw the shores of Peru, and five years more passed before he actually entered the land of the Incas.

At his death his body was shamefully mutilated. Ecclesiastical authorities took charge of the corpse, and the coffin inclosing it, identified by successive generations of church officers, has been carefully guarded as one of the most precious possessions of the cathedral of Lima. Thus its traditional history is complete.

The three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Pizarro's death was recently celebrated at Lima. Under joint action by the municipal and ecclesiastical authorities, a critical examination of the mummified body was undertaken. One object in view was to set all possible doubt at rest as to the identity of the remains; the other was to subject them to anthropometric examination.

The results obtained were astonishing. It was found that the shape of the lower jaw, the conformation of the cranium, the presence of the fossa of Lombroso and many other peculiarities gave the skull a marked likeness in all important respects to that of the typical criminal of to-day. The lower jaw is a striking feature, projecting far beyond the upper. It indicates the indomitable will-power and brute-like character of the man.

The coffin revealed a body almost completely mummified. It was partly covered by remnants of clothing, probably a short cassock of black silk, a linen shirt finely embroidered, etc. The cadaver was completely desiccated and of a light brown color, similar to that of ordinary Peruvian mummies.

The hands, toes and certain other parts had been cut off and removed. It was evident that the most important of these mutilations had been performed immediately after death, while the hands had been removed comparatively recently, though by whom is not known.

The skin was whole and intact over a great part of the trunk, though destroyed in some places by insects. It was found desirable to cut off the head. The face was almost entirely bare of flesh. It is evident that the skin and flesh of the head suffered from wounds and contusions, which hastened decay in those places.

The left eye socket was empty, but the right one contained the eye, dried and reduced to very small size. It was noticed that the bony arches over the eyes were remarkably prominent and massive. The closing of certain sutures of the cranial bones showed that the man was between seventy and eighty years of age.

All the skin and bones were finally varnished with a preservative varnish. The mummy was photographed in different positions, and was at length sealed up in a wooden coffin for delivery to the municipal commission. The clothing and other material were likewise sealed up and handed over to the civil authorities, who in turn placed them in charge of the venerable metropolitan chapter.

The chapter, as heretofore, will in future care for the remains in the chapel of the kings, in the cathedral at Lima. Before committing it again to the tomb the ecclesiastical authorities placed the body of the conqueror in a case of white marble, with glass on three sides, reclining on a couch covered with cherry-colored cloth. The glass bottle containing the dust-like substances from the internal parts was put into a small crystal case, with vase and lid of white marble. The crystal case was deposited inside of the large case at the foot of the mummy.

One of three copies of the report made by the committee was inclosed in a gilded tin tube, sealed with red wax and was placed within the large white marble case. Thus lies Pizarro. The committee considered that the identity of the body was absolutely established by the examination.

As to the traces of the wound in the neck, it is known that Pizarro was struck in the breast with a sort of arrow very sharply pointed, which was hurled by an assassin. Of this injury there is evidence in the cadaver, the upper part of the left chest having suffered from decay. The corpse was left where it fell while matters of state called the chief conspirators to the city. At this time it was profaned by shocking mutilation.

Pizarro was very severe in military discipline, and there were many who would have been only too glad to wreak vengeance upon his remains. The latter were finally carried off at night by friends and were placed in a vault beneath a church. He was assassinated on June 26, 1541.

It is not known what became of the hands, which, as the condition of the body shows, were cut off at a period long subsequent. According to public rumor they were taken and carried out of the country not many years ago. In a letter addressed to the then emperor of Spain in 1543, describing the assassination, the corporation of the city of Cuzco states that after the death of the conqueror, "in order to dishonor and ridicule him, the murderers committed upon the person many inhuman and infamous things, which, that your majesty may receive no further pain, we refrain from describing."

The description of the projecting under jaw agrees with the portraits of Pizarro still preserved at Lima. The peculiar chin indicates a determined man—the man who, as lieutenant of Nunez de Balboa, distinguished himself by cruelties to the poor Indians, who seized the immortal discoverer of the Pacific, his own benefactor, and who, as leader of the "famous thirteen," so heroically maintained himself in the midst of disasters on the island of Gallo.—N. Y. World.

SUSPECTED A TRAGEDY.

A Meddlesome Neighbor Caused Lots of Useless Trouble.

"It's the simplest thing in the world," said the friend of the family; "just chloroform her."

"But will chloroform kill her?"

"Certainly, and without suffering."

"Have you ever tried it?"

"No. But I have heard of its being successfully being done."

"How much chlororform will it take?"

"I haven't an idea."

"Will she suffer long?"

"Fudge! You are too tender-hearted. I'd cut her head off if I was in your place, and make quick work of it, too."

An excited individual who overheard this dialogue from the landing outside of the half-closed door, made a rush for the nearest drug store.

"Don't, don't sell anybody any chloroform if it is called for unless you want to be accessory to a murder! I'm going to the police station to make a complaint;" and he darted out of one door of the drug-shop as a pleasant-appearing young man appeared at the other.

"How much chloroform does it take to kill a cat?"

"No, you don't," said the druggist; "where's your prescription?"

"Prescription? Didn't I tell you it was a cat?"

"Shoot the cat—"

"I haven't any gun. Besides—"

"No prescription, no chloroform," and the druggist closed the discussion.

The owner of the cat went to other drug stores in the immediate neighborhood, but he seemed to be suspected, and they all had the same objection, refusing to sell him any chloroform, and regarding him with distrust.

When he reached his flat, the patrol wagon stood at the door.

"Anybody sick here?" asked the officer in charge.

"Not in my part of the house," was the ready answer.

"Who are you going to chloroform?" inquired the officer.

"Oh, ha, ha. How did you know that I was going to chloroform anybody. Have you seen my chum?"

"Seen nothing. But you've been complained of, and you'll have to come to headquarters to explain."

"Much obliged, I'm sure. If you'll come, I'll show you the innocent victim. She's one of the family, too."

He led the way to a rear room in the building, where a barrel stood in a corner.

"There she is," he said, giving the barrel a tilt, "she's been ailing for a year, and I concluded it would be a kindness to have her mercifully removed. Poor kitty! Whew!"

The officer stooped and looked into the barrel. There was nothing there. The cat had escaped. Like the neighbor who had complained, she may have overheard the dialogue. But it cost a week of investigation on the part of the law, and the settlement for a case of assault and battery with the over-officious neighbor. And the cat never came back."—Detroit Free Press.

—There are only about twenty-five sailmakers on the active list of the United States navy, most of them appointed before 1888, and nearly all now stationed at navy yards and receiving ships. Sails cut an unimportant figure in the new navy, and the sailmakers is almost an anachronism. Some of the present sailmaker, however, go back to '61, when there were many sailing ships in the navy, and when most of the steam-driven ships had auxiliary sails. The sailmaker, with his needles and his tailor-like skill, is classed as an artificer, and his pay is from thirty-five dollars to forty dollars per month.

—The Russian thistle was brought to North Dakota in the seed grain of some Muscovite immigrants. In a few years it has spread over the Dakotas, Minnesota, Nebraska, northern Wisconsin and Iowa. Its prickles are so tough and poisonous that men and animals are compeled, for protection, to wear leather or sheet-iron bootlegs.

—During the reign of Louis XI. the ladies of the nobility prevailed on the king to issue an edict forbidding corsets to women of lower rank. The order was issued, when these adjuncts to feminine costume, before worn outside the gowns, disappeared from view save among the nobility, who still conspicuously displayed them.

—During the social reign of Catherine de Medici the ladies never washed their faces. There was an idea that water injured the complexion, and the face was wiped off with a rag dipped in milk.

—It sometimes costs more to keep up a big reputation than it is worth.—Galveston News.

VARIED AND INTERESTING.

NEW YORK is the third largest city in the world, London being the largest and Paris second.

PENNSYLVANIA spent $492,628.90 for the care and treatment of the indigent insane in her well-managed asylums during the year ending November 30, 1893.

THE old Lincoln homestead in Larue county, Ky., has been bought by a syndicate of Kentuckians, who will convert it into a park and present it to the government.

THE governor and executive council of Massachusetts have abolished the system of Thanksgiving day pardons for life convicts at Charleston prison. Men pardoned hereafter will leave the prison quietly and none of the other convicts will be aware of their good fortune.

ACCIDENTS to sleep-walkers can be easily prevented by laying upon the carpet by the side of the sleep-walkers' beds strips of sheet-metal—iron, zinc or copper—so wide and long that when they put their feet upon them the coldness felt will wake them thoroughly.

GUN AND SABER.

THE engine of a first-class man-of-war costs nearly $700,000.

THE British ironclad Vulcan must be a monster, if its rudder be taken as a criterion. That useful adjunct weighs twenty-two tons.

CAPT. JACOB SHUMAN, who died lately at Sedalia, Mo., served in the Mexican war and the civil war. He received twelve wounds by minie balls.

PERSONAL PRATTLE.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY has grown old enough to enter Harvard college next fall.

THE name of the man who lights the statue of Liberty in Washington nightly is Mr. America.

THE men of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet are all heavy men. There is only one that tips the scale under two hundred pounds.

WILLIAM H. MILLS, of San Francisco, has two volumes written by John Wesley, the father of Methodism, entitled "Wesley's Philosophy." They are rare books and greatly prized by their owner.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, despite his great age, is described as lithe, silver-haired and keen-eyed. He laughs and chats with animation and his flashes of repartee are as frequent and brilliant as they were in other years.

MR. JOSEPH WRIGHT COOPER, formerly a hired man in his native county of Howard, Mo., at twenty cents a day, is at present the one-fourth owner of 165,000 acres of land near Santa Barbara, Cal., and is styled a "pastoral prince."

"How is your son getting along in college?" asked Farmer Corntossel's neighbor. "Purty well in some ways. I don't know how he's doin' in his studies. But from his last photograph I judge he's discovered a hair tonic that'll make his fortune."—Washington Star.

SNAGGS—"What did you think when you read my first poem?" Waggs—"I can't put my thoughts into words." Snaggs—"Why not?" Waggs—"I promised my wife I'd never swear in her presence."—Inter Ocean.